Filthy/Gorgeous

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will is a promiscuous little minx who likes to go pick up guys. Nigel does not disappoint.

Will grunted as his back was slammed against the bathroom's main door. They hadn't even made it to a stall.

"Fuck, you so filthy." Will growled, his hand in the man's hair, clutching painfully as his neck was ravaged by the stranger. It would definitely leave marks, and the thought of that made Will grin.

"You're fucking gorgeous," Will's hook-up replied, moving his mouth to Will's and kissing him deep, hungry and messy.

It was everything Will wanted from the encounter.

He was so often disappointed with bar hook-ups but could already tell this wouldn't be the case. Or at least he hoped so. Despite the frequent disappointments, Will had a high sex drive and enjoyed the thrill of having public sex with a stranger. He had no plans to stop, and

actually should he meet the right guy, maybe there could be something more. Something regular.

The man started to roughly unbutton Will's shirt, one button pinging off towards the row of sinks. "Want to open you up, like fucking Christmas."

"Wait." Will took hold of the man's hands to stop him. "Just so you know, I'm trans."

The man stopped for a moment and cocked a brow. This was the moment of truth that Will had reached many times before, with mixed results.

The man didn't pull away, instead he pushed his hips forward, hard cock against Will's hip. Will bit back a groan.

"That so?" The man asked, no judgement there or titillation. So far a balanced reaction.

Will was wondering if he should say or do something but then the man continued.

"Anything you're not cool with?"

Will blinked and shook his head, "Not that I've so far discovered."

"You want to top or bottom?"

Will chuckled, "Is that a polite way of asking what's between my legs?"

The man frowned, genuinely looking affronted. "If you've got a dick between your legs or stowed in your bag and want to fuck me then I'm down for it. You got a hole or two you want fucked, I'm fine with that too. Makes no fucking difference to me, gorgeous."

Will was taken aback once more. The man was crass and yes, perhaps some might be put off by the way he spoke about proclivities and parts, but it had to be one of the best reactions Will had personally had. Previous encounters had ranged from outright rejection to clear fetishism and a whole host of in between.

Perhaps the man read that in his expression because he pulled back enough to look Will up and down, in his tight jeans and black t-shirt, still able to play at twink even after he hit his thirties.

"Used to sons of a bitches treating you like a ho?"

Will laughed at that. He wasn't wrong, when it came to the fetishising fucks at least. "What?" Will teased, "I'm a classy, lovey dovey princess."

The man huffed and pulled Will close again, nuzzling against his neck, "You're fucking filthy."

"You said I was gorgeous."

The man grunted and, finally, pulled Will into the privacy of a stall that had seen its fair share of fucking. Will's back was once more to a door and the man's hands were pulling his jeans open with such force that Will wondered if he'd lose that button too.

When he finally got Will's jeans open, the man looked at him, lust filled eyes piercing Will as he then sucked two fingers into his mouth. Making clear his intent and giving Will enough time to object.

"You're disgusting." Will challenged, or teased, he wasn't sure which but he was loving this weird banter they'd started. Will was never above being someone's dirty little boy.

With a grin the man took his spit slicked fingers and shoved them down Will's pants, finding him sans packer and already wet.

"This okay?" He asked.

Will nodded and let out a whorish whimper as he tried to spread his legs a little further.

"Hmph." The man grunted and winked, "You're fucking nasty."

Will couldn't respond, his breath stolen by the fingers that expertly slid over his cock and to his wet hole.

"Oh fuck, oh god." Will dropped his head back against the door with a thud, arching into the fingers.

With a grin the man moved, pressing against Will's side to get better leverage into his pants. From there he was able to fuck him deeper and press his thumb to Will's cock.

Will let out a cry of pleasure that echoed around the bathroom's tiled walls.

"Shh, shh." The man encouraged before fucking his fingers deeper and using his free hand to cover Will's mouth.

The man lowered his voice to a raspy whisper that was as sexy as it was menacing, muttering into Will's ear as he continued to fingerfuck him. "You gotta keep your shit together, with your feet on the ground. There ain't no one gonna listen if you haven't made a sound."

As if on cue the main bathroom door opened and there were voices as two men drunkenly staggered in.

Will whimpered against the man's hand as he continued to pump his fingers whilst the men on the other side of the door pissed in the urinals.

"You're filthy," He growled against Will's ear, only serving to make him all the wetter. All the same Will nodded, encouraging, pleading with his eyes. He'd never considered this sort of verbal humiliation before but, fuck. It was getting him off.

"You're gorgeous," The man continued, only loud enough for Will to hear as he continued fuck him. "But you're filthy. You're disgusting, and you're nasty."

The men in the bathroom left then and the man took his hand from Will's mouth, leaning in.

Will gasped out words as their mouths hovered close to each other. "You make me feel so nasty. You can grab me-"

"'Cause you're nasty." The man growled before kissing him roughly.

Will tensed, feeling how close he was to coming, clenching around the man's fingers. When the man pulled off him with a grin, taking his hand out of Will's pants, Will sagged against the door.

He watched hungrily as the man unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock.

Will's mouth watered at the sight. It was thick, uncut and so fucking hard.

"Front," Will breathed out the word and the man nodded.

Will stood there panting as the man pulled a condom from his back pocket, ripped open the wrapper and sheathed himself. He gave himself a few languid strokes and nodded to Will, who took the hint to actually pull his trousers lower at this point.

When he got them down to his thighs the man reached for him, kissing him again as he rubbed his cock against Will's and then between his legs, lubing himself up with Will's wetness.

The sound that Will released was something between a gasp and a groan as the man roughly turned him to face the toilet and urged him forward.

"Fuck," Will muttered, so unbelievably turned on as he was bent over, hands bracing on the cistern, and the man pushed into him.

It was a slow and steady push, all the way to the hilt, until the man's ball slapped against Will's flesh.

"You're problem is that you're gorgeous," The man muttered at him, his words gruff as he began to fuck into Will hard and deep. Punctuating his words. "Your gorgeousness is to serve the people."

Will moaned and nodded, not even really knowing or caring anymore. He just wanted to be used and be told that he was only there to be used.

"Serve, and serve some more," The man was fucking him hard, but still only as punctuation to each word or two, slamming deep into him so hard it was the best kind of painful.

"You do beautiful work. Beautifing this beautiful world that is already, unf, already so pretty." On the last word the man slammed in so hard and deep that he practically lifted Will onto his toes.

Will let out a wail and a sob. It was so good. So damn good.

“Please…” Will begged.

With a grunt, the man pulled him upright, to his chest and began to fuck up into him. One hand wrapped gently around Will’s throat, just holding him in place, and the other started to pump Will’s dick, now slick with his own wetness.

Will went pliant, sobbing his ecstasy as he felt his climax building, uttering nonsensical noises whilst the man held him close and used him.

“Fuck, gorgeous. You’ll make me come.” The man growled in his ear as Will started to clench around him, his orgasm building.

“Want your come,” Will babbled.

That earned him a couple more sharp thrusts and some seemingly expert fingering over his cock.

With a cry Will came, it was almost painful. His muscles constricted around the man’s thick cock that felt all the bigger in that moment.

“That’s it gorgeous,” The man muttered and then with a groan of his own he spilled inside Will.

His hips jerked as he came and his hold tightened around Will.

In that moment Will wished he could fuck this man bareback. Perhaps if they got tested, saw each other again?

Will had been looking for someone who might like to join him for some regular fun and this man, by far, was exactly what he wanted.

They panted against each other for a short while before the man pulled back, grabbing the base of the condom as he slid out of Will.

They both took a moment to tidy themselves up and fix what they could of their clothes. When they were both ready to leave the cubicle the man put his hand against the door, holding it closed, and grinning at Will.

“You’re a good fuck. Fucking, filthy-gorgeous.”

Will smirked, “Not so bad yourself. In fact,” Will batted his lashes, making the man chuckle, “You want to come home with me?”

“Round two? Le freak between the silk sheets?”

Will laughed, “Yeah, and maybe something a little more long term? If you’re interested in something regular.”

“I wouldn’t say no,” The man replied, trailing his finger over Will’s stubbled cheek and then hooking it under his chin to lift Will’s face so they could kiss.

It was soft and gentle, and Will found he liked the man all the more for it.

When they pulled back, Will looked at the man with a slight frown. “There’s just one more thing I should let you know.”

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Will couldn’t believe his luck. The best anonymous fuck he’d ever had *and* the guy didn’t care that he was married. He didn’t even seem to give a shit before Will fully explained that his husband let him go and pick men up and sometimes, he liked to watch. Maybe if there was chemistry there then all three of them might fuck together.

Will was already salivating at the thought of taking both men at once, as he led his new friend out to the parking lot where his husband would be waiting to take him home.

Or rather, *them* this time.

When they got close to the Bentley, Hannibal stepped out though it was hard to see him under the glare of the street light against the pitch black night sky.

“You made a friend,” Hannibal murmured, amused.

Will chuckled and the three of them stepped into full view of each other.

“Hannibal?” Will’s new friend asked, before looking between Hannibal and Will. “This is Will?”

“Wha-?” Will started, confused.

Hannibal let out a low chuckle, pulling Will into his arms and pressing a kiss to his forehead. “My darling boy, it is very gratifying that even when soliciting other men, you still have a desire for me.”

“Huh?” Will replied, still not sure what was happening.

“I suppose now is as good a time as any to introduce you to Nigel,” Hannibal flourished a hand out to indicate the man who had just so thoroughly fucked his husband. “My brother.”

Nigel chuckled too and shook his head, muttering something about tastes and types.

Will let out a shuddering breath, wondering if he was truly filthy for still wanting to know what it would be like to take them both at the same time.

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